

T.L. KRYSS HUGGED ME ON 9th STREET TODAY

sometimes
i talk too much
talk talk talk talk
get drunk and get out of the apartment
and go into the middle of the city

downtown today
i ran into Tom Kryss at the Old Erie Bookstore
he's one of the real poets of Cleveland
buying a Primo Levi book
and talking baseball with Marko
wearing a grey trenchcoat
smoking non-filters
soft spoken and shy-like
getting older

we had a ceremony
for the installation of Larry The Buddha of the
Refrigerator
who has served me well these last 3 years
sitting on top our refrigerator
facing east
but, who is not coming with us
when we leave town in 2 weeks
i know i originally planned to leave Larry
with d.a. levy's grave
but he'd only survive a week there
before the groundsmen hauled him off to the dump
i get sentimental, so now can look forward to
seeing Lar in the future
perched up there on the Old Erie Street Bookstore
shelf next to the giant moose head, gargoyles,
little Lincoln statue, Egyptian priests, softball
trophies, orange crates, 19th century lightbulbs,
leather books, and other pseudo-metaphysical
bric-a-brac

outside, before Kryss caught a bus
i took his picture
and standing there without much to say
just came over
gave me a hug
and said to take care in Salt Lake

sorta reminded me
talking doesn't say much anyway.

— Mark Weber

Cleveland/Salt Lake City/Albuquerque